FREEZING AND STARVING.

The Church of the City's Poor and its Vast Congregation—A Haif Hour in Priest Blake's Pulpit-The City's Bole of Coal and the Good it Dors-Hard Pacts from a Charitice Society Officer-Seven are Hungry and Cold Now for Every Five Hitherto-Pate of the Homeless Stranger,

There was more suffering in New York during the cold snap that lately ended than in history of the city. The resources of the charitable societies and the public institutions have been not only strained to the utmost, but in the vain attempts to meet the demand made upon them. A Sun reporter learned this when he went about the city trying to find out just how cold a cold spell it had been for the poor.

The office of the Board of Charities and Correction is at Third avenue and Eleventh street, and on the street side the entrance is into a large, square, high-ceiled room, with tall windows all around. It might do for a church for a congregation that could afford no better. It all the church that thousands of poor souls in this city know, more's the pity, and although, compared with the marvels of the architects' and builders' skill whose lofty spires punctuate the upper air from old Trinity to far beyond the Harlem, and whose vaulted arches weekly ring with prayer and praise, the Eleventh street structure is small and mean, yet it has a congregation larger than ever was gathered in half the city's churches put together, and one the sincerity of whose devotion is as absolute as ever was a martyr's. No bell is needed to summon the congregation of this church of the city's poor, nor any marvellous art in stained glass pictures or organ music to hold them, for poverty, their god, does not coax, but drives, and hunger is a preacher who needs no aids to

hold his audience.

Obedience and not worship is the ordinance of the religion of poverty, so there is no altar in the church on Eleventh street, but there is pulpit on the side near one end, as there might be in a Catholic church. The floor of the Eleventh street part of the building is several feet below the floor of the part of the building that is entered from Third avenue. The offices are all in the Third avenue part; in the Eleventh street part the congregation assembles, Through the wall of one of the offices a hole six feet square has been cut, opening into the Eleventh street hall. The bottom of this hole a a broad desk-the pulpit-and from the ball below steps, as before a real pulpit, go up on one side and down on the other to a little narrow platform built for persons to stand upon in front of the desk.

In his office behind the pulpit desk sits Su-

perintendent Blake, the priest of the city's poor, a pair of broad shoulders, a solid, dark ace, fron-gray hair back of a bald forehead, black whiskers, short and turning iron gray. too, and a pair of snapping but kindly eyes be hind glasses that perpetually quiver appear above the top of the desk.
Superintendent Blake has sat there just so

for eighteen years, and has come to be to the city's poor what the priest is to the parish or the pastor to the church. To him two generations of paupers—pauper generations are short-lived—have made their confessions and besought aid, and he has given to each of the hundreds of thousands who have passed along

bundreds of thousands who have passed along the narrow platform whatever a minister of poverty has to give to the slaves of want—advice, warning, encouragement, or the more substantial aid of the almshouse, the asylum, the hospital, or the prison.

There are services every day except Sunday in the church of the city's poor, and they begin at 8 o'clock in the morning, when Priest Blake appears in the pulpit, and lasts until 5 in the afternoon. The size of the congregation varies with the season, from the straggling hundred or so that slip in through the lazy summer days to the thousands that crowd the hall to sufficient the sufficient of the congregation varies with the season, from the straggling hundred or so that slip in through the lazy summer days to the thousands that crowd the hall to sufficient the sufficient of the warmth of the room which, at any rate, they can easily, no matter if other aid is refused.

Fromptly the line begins to move up one side and down the other over the little lastform before the pulpit. As fast as the first crowd dribhes out through the doors into the street asala, others come in, bringing little gusts of cold with them, warming, worshipping, and passing out again, the procession never ending until closing time.

cold with them, warming, worshipping, and passing out again, the procession never ending until closing time.

This is a section of it that passed along while a Sun reporter waited for an opportunity to eak Priest Blake whether there was more suffering than usual among the poor of the city this winter:

A wan-faced woman, with one babe in her arms and another turging at her skirt:

"If you please, sir, some coal."

"What's your name?"

"Japs Smith."

"Where?"

"He illberry street, sir."

"Where's your hushand?"

"God knows, sir, I don't."

"Where's you'r hushand?"

"Hessif, sir, and the childer."

"How many?"

"Two, sir, beside the wans here."

"Left you, did he?" (meaning the husband).

"Yee, sir."

"Jeg out scrubbing, sir, but the childer, I—"

"Jeg, you can't leave them. Which floor?"

"Atto, sir."

"Front or rear?"

"Hear."

Front or rear?"

"Attio. sir."
"Front or rear?"
"Rear."
"A visitor "Il call on you," and a little slip of brown paper on which the superintendent has been noting down the woman's name and residence is jabbed on a file at his side, that already is piled full of similar memorandums of the day's callers.

A big. red-faced man, with a ragged and dirty muffer wrapped around his head:
"Under to get some coal."
"What do you do for a living?"
"I'm out o' work since Thanksgiving."
"Got a wife?"
"Yes."
"Well, bring her here; I want to see her."
The man passes on grumbling, and a thin young fellow, with no overcost, shivering even in the warm room says huskily:
"Rin I have (cough) some medicine?"
"Such applicants always think it necessary to have a fit of coughing when they pass before the pulpit, but they might save themselves the trouble, for the superintendent never notices it, but merely dives one hand into a drawer at his side, reaches out a little bottle wrapped in white paper, and passes it to the applicant, giving meanwhile his attention to the next in the line, a little old woman, with gray hair, just appearing above the desk:

"It's about the coal, sir; it ain't come yet."
"All right it'll be there."
"Thank you, sir, ided bless you. Sure if I was to meet you in Tipperary, sir, I'd trust you to be givin a bit of coal to a poor woman, dod bless you; there's no wan like Mr. Blake, says as ac-Och! where's yer manners, ye blag-yard; lave me alone."

The latter clause was to an impatient man in shaby attire, who hustled her along before her benediction upon Mr. Blake was suitably rounded off.
"I'm out o' work an' I ain't got no place to get a deal of the coal sir, and coal we help."

rounded off.
"I'm out o' work an' I ain't got no place to
so, an' I come to got some help."
"I'm here do you belong?"
"I'm here now."
"Since when."
"Well, I come here quite a while ago."

"Since when."
"Well. I come here quite a while ago."
"How long?"
"How long?"
"How are from?"
"Pittaburah?"
"Wahat for?"
"I didn't know but there might be a chance of gettin work."
"Part of the way I caught a ride on a freight."
"Tramped the reat?"
"Yell. what do you want me to do for you?"
"I don't know."
"Yell. what do you want me to do for you?"
"I don't know."
"Naither de I. You don't belong here; you've got no business here. You ought to have had sense enough to know that New York's the last place in the world for a man to come when work's scarce. Haven't you got any money?"
"Not a cent?"
"Yot relatives here?" No relatives here ?"

"No relatives here?"

"No!! go to that man over there and tell him I want you sent back to Pittsburgh if your story's true. He'll attend to you."

Two women in the remnants of summer finery, with a ten-year-old gli between them:

"I come to see about gettin' some coal?"

"No sent you?"

Nobody."

"Why you come to come?"

"Why, you come to come?"

"Yes. Why did you bring that girl with you?"

She thought she'd like to come."

"Oh, she did. Well, you ought to know better than to bring your daughter with you to such a place; you ought to be ashamed to let her know you have to ask charity."

The women shuffle on, the girl giggling set tween them, and the Superintendent mutters:

"Some people come here just for the sake of coming. I belis' c."

"We woman with a shawl about her head:

I'd like some coal, if you please."

"We can't give coal to people whose hus-

bands are at work. You'll have to get along A man with a strange look about the eyes:
"I would like some coal, sir."
"Blind?"

"Hear see a little; it were an explosion an' they ain't got well."
"Tamily eight, sir, countin' meself and me wife, an' nose o' them big enough to work."
(Under the breath; "My God! (Aloud:) How do you live?"
"The wife, she sews some, an'—"
"The wife, she sews some, an'—"
"The wife, she sews some, an'—"
"The wife and; there'll be a visitor around right were mind; the we

and dirty reminiscence of a masquerade peasant costume called for an exercise of linguistic skill that touched French lightly, toyed deftly with Spanish, tested Russian a bit, and finally struck it in some Italian dialect. A large proportion of applicants have to be addressed in something besides English, and a queer mixed dialect, half English and half their own language. At the headquarters of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, 79 Fourth avenue, Mr. Longworthy said:

"The misery the cold brought to the poor in this city cannot be half understood by those who are in comfortable homes. Of the suffering of the homeless poor we can say little here, because our rules confine our work to the assistance of families. As to our own branch of the work, the single fact is that since the cold came the demands upon us have been heavier than ever before in the history of the association. I should say that the increase was at least two-fifths over any previous year. That tells the whole story. There can be no reason for this increase except the general increase of sufforing throughout the city. Where five went hungry and cold in previous years there are seven starving and freezing now. We had 1.500 cases on our hands last week, and we spent \$3.500 in the six days in giving relief, and this is only one association out of many. The sum total is appalling.

"Another thing, the poor this year are, as a class, worther than ever before. I mean by this that a much larger proportion than usual of the applicants to us turn out on investigation, to be deserving of aid. The cold and the scarcity of employment have brought thousands down to ask charity who never had to do such a thing before. That is the saddest part of our work to deal with those who are paupers for the first time.

"We give out no relief here, but whenever an applicant presents a case that demands immediate aid a visitor, provided with food or whatever is necessary, goes at once and gives whatever is necessary, goes at once and gives whatever is

whatever is necessary, goes at once and gives whatever assistance is needed. We do not allow red tape to interfere with the relief of actual want.

"As to the homeless poor, the problem is very difficult. There really seems to be no one to look out for them. The only chance they have is that of getting into the workhouse or a passage to some other place from the city authorities. They are laborers, mostly, many of them thrown out of work on the bubways and on new buildings by the cold. Skilled work men generally manage to pull through a bud season somehow without asking charity."

While Mr. Longworthy attended to a string of applicants that had gathered as he talked. Miss Fullerton, another officer said:

"Actual starvation is very rare in our experience. You see, it's very hard for any one to starve to death in New York, unless he just looks himself up in a room and lets no one know about it. It is astonishing how much charity the very poor have for one another, You see, there are always two and often four families on each floor of a tenement, and they'il share their last cent with one another when it comes to actual hunger, however they may quarrel most of the time.

"There's a case now," she continued as a plump German woman with a plump child and a worried expression told her tale to Mr. Longworthy. "That woman came here some time ago and wanted aid. Cur visitor found that the family, consisting of herself, her husband, and the child, was really in abject misery, but until winter set in the husband had been making \$15 a week, and she had a mother who ha helied her before. We gave her nothing, and how she comes and wante to know what is the matter. Her husband has no work, she says, and they are iving on bread that she gets from rersons for whom she used to work. The facts are, though she don't teil it, that her husband hasn't hall tried to get work, and the mother started of helping them on that account. We gave them nothing, because to do so we would have to let suffer some one whose husband really can't w

crept over him as Mr. Longworthy explained that the society gave relief only to families.

"But—but I have nothing; what can I do?

"H'm, that's bad; have you no money at all?

"I haven't anything."

"Well, you see how it is; our rules forbid it, but you just go down to the basement and see the relieving officer there; maybe he can do something for you."

As the young man hopelessly shuffled out, Mr. Longworthy did some talking down a speaking tube that made the young man's case all right with the relieving officer. "That young fellow is a bookkeeper, just come over from England. Got here on Dec. 10, and thought he could pick up a job anywhere. He can't be sent back, because he's perfectly well and hearty. Of course, he can find nothing to do, and he has no friends to help him. What can be done for him? We can do nothing under our rules, though, of course, we won't let him starve or freeze. The relieving officer will get him into a lodging house and see that he has something to eat for two or three days, but he'll be just as badly off then ga ever, and where shall we send him? If it were warm weather he could get along somebow by going out into the country or by picking up odd jobs; but it's a long time before spring.

"Did you ever think what a shame it is that there is no way of providing work for everybody? If that could be done I'd have to be looking for another job myself in less than a month. The great proportion of all that come to us are honestly anxious for work, and are paupers only because they cannot get it."

"At the offices of other charitable organizations, at the hospitals and dispensaries, and at other places where aid of any sort is offered to humanity, the same story of the appalling elections, at the hospitals and dispensaries, and at other places where aid of any sort is offered to humanity, the same story of the appalling elections, at the hospitals and dispensaries, and at other places where aid of any sort is offered to humanity, the same story of the appalling elections, at the hospital

Strange Scenes Among the Shifting Dunes of Nebraska.

Prom the Chicago Tribune.

The "sand hills" in Nebraska are pecu-

Strange Scenes Among the Shifting Duncs of Nebraska.

From the Chicago Fribane.

The "sand hills" in Nebraska are peculiar. Drifted east, west, north, south, everywhere, by each wind that blows; whirled up into a conical peak by the wind of to-day only to be blown out into a long, low drift by that of to-morrow; tossed about hither and thither like snow by every passing breeze—these sand dunes have a strange, uncertain existence almost as fickle and capricious as the winditself. They are a shifting, moving desert, an ever billowy ocean on which one may walk, mounting the waves and, looking off across the realless surface, see sand and sky, nothing more.

They are unique, an ocean while tossed by a storm turned to sand, and still like the ocean, the waves rising and falling, only slower. Fitful, unquist, resiless, a vagrant country.

Our road sky among the sand hills for over a hundred miles. Along it we never saw a house except some half dozen erected by the railroad company near its tracks for the section men to live in, and a very few others belonging to settlers in little vallers near the sdge of the sand country, where there was grass enough for a few half of the sand country, where there was grass enough for a few half of the sand country, where there was grass enough for a few half with no ears on it, which looked lonesome and disgusted. It would not have surprised me to have seen it pull its roots out of the sand and walk away in search of a soil willing to assist struggling corn in the effort to exist.

The sand hills are desolate, dreary, silent. On a calm day the silence is oppressive. I remember riding up on the top of one of these drifts of sand one afternoon when the sun was sinking well down toward the west, and it seemed as if there was nothing around me but shadows—very cone throwing a dark shadow half way up the grayish yellow side of the next. I had left the wagon as hour before, as we were going along the trail four of its miles to the south, and ridden off among the hills on the point of the

seemed as if I could feet the silence. It presead down all around. It was everywhere. I wondered how far into the edges of this desert the noises of the world without penetrated. I spoke and it sounded like a voice from behind the noises of the world without penetrated. I spoke and it sounded like a voice from behind the next sand dune—from some one unseen. It was strange—this deep silence—and as the shadows strange—this deep silence—and as the shadows by silence—and gradually I began to doubt whether I knew the directions or whether there was such a thing as direction or distance—only shadows, and more shadows, and a dead, heavy, almost painful silence. I wondered if there was ever any sound here, or If—but there was—the silence was broken by a flock of sand-hill cranes flying over so far above that they looked but little more than specks, but the flapping of their wings came clear and distinct. Thon a little burrowing owl flew out of the way slowly around another nil, and here of the way slowly around another nil, and as they disappeared among the kills and shadows.

There was no limit to the view—hills and shadows, shadows and hills, as far as the sye could reach—and far beyond. It was fifty miles to the east before the fertile country was encountred; almost as far to the west. The sand hills stretched away 120 miles to the south; I don't know how far to the north—the was not above two miles to the line between the greatest strength and extended, this was a desert or a fertile plain. Ten miles to the south was the Niobrara filver—a small stream rolling along through the sand extended, this was desert or a fertile plain. Ten miles to the south was the Niobrara filver—a small stream rolling along through the sand extended, this was desert or a fertile plain. Ten miles to the south was the Niobrara filver—a small stream rolling along through the sond extended, this was desert or a fertile plain. Ten miles to the south was the Niobrara filver—a small stream rolling along through the sond between low bindis, and

A DAY IN THE CATHEDRAL.

THE GREAT CHURCH.

Coming of the First W Until the Going of the Last Ponitont-Baptism, Wedding, and Paneral. The stone pillars of St. Patrick's Cathedral were crowned with tiny circlets of lights. The Archbishop, clothed in his purple and golden vestments, and surrounded with his white-robed assistants, had finished intoning the high mass. The deep tones of the great organ in the gallery and the silvery echo of the small organ in the chancel died away. The richly dressed congregation, which filled the vast structure to its fullest capacity, settled down in their cushioned pews. Slowly and impressively the Archbishop passed through the chancel and mounted the marble stairs of the pulpit. Outside the cathedral stood rows of carriages, and the passing pedestrian. idly strolling to the Park, hesitated between a wish to gratify his curiosity as to what was going on

within and a desire to continue his walk.

It was Sunday noon, and the most impressive service of the week was being concluded in the grandest church edifice in America. At each of the masses said hourly from 6 o'clock to 11. and at the vesper service at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, 3,000 worshippers filled the pews and crowded the sisles of the great building. To most of the residents of New York the cathedral exists simply as a place of spectacular worship unequalled in this country. They know nothing of the work which is daily car-ried on within those stately walls. Suppose, therefore, you who compose this great majority go with me this Saturday morning and remain all day in the cathedral, and see what the week-day uses of this vast building are.

The street lamps are twinkling through the mist of the early morning as we leave our nomes. We must make an early start, for a later hour will not answer. The day in the cathedral begins before sunrise and ends long

he will remain while the last mass of the morning is said. The clock strikes, and another priest approaches the altar. He is clothed in purple and gold and a sacristan acts as his clothed in purple and gold and a sacristan acts as his clothed in administering to the spiritual wants of his great congregation. This mass is said after the rite of the Bishops. When the benediction has been pronounced the Archibshop for a moment disappears, to appear again plainly olad in black, and, like his predecessor at the altar, he kneels and makes his offering of thanks.

The same of the act of the black and makes his offering of the Archibshop has been intoning the waith still another set of wealthyres. Tower clerks and more employers. They come to the 7:30 mass, which begins when the Archibshop's ends. The acting secretary of the Archibshop's ends. The acting the ac

THE WORK OF SEVENTEEN HOURS IN

of the worshippers who witnessed from afar the ceremony we have just seen have a maned. A scene for different is about to be presented. The church takes on as appearance of featurity. Some handcomely created the state a blaze of light, seems is unusually good humor. A multitude of well-drassed persons flock into the yest auditorium filling half of the front seats. The great organ peals out merrity is sympathy with the occasion. The first strains of Mendelssohn's wedding marrier resound through the arches. There is an ard interest manifested even by the old women where telling their beads in the dress a wedding without feeling some moral emotions? Up the great alsie a maiden walks clinging to her lather's arm. A bridal vell flows from the wreath of orange blossoms which encircles her brow. The prospective husband, with his brides mother leaning on his arm, follows closely in the rear. Three bridessmids and an equal number of groomsmen come next. In side the chancel rail, on his throne, sits the Archbishop, resplendent in his robes of purpes memors. A his staff. Another priest—a stranger to the rest—occupies a seat at the left of the altar. As the procession mounts the chancel steps the Archbishop risse, Inside the sanctuarry the bride steps in for the first time in her life. The groom stands bravely by her. On either side stand the bridessmids and groomsmen and the parents of the bride, who are to act as witnesses. A few words are spoken, but to the waiting pair it seems to take an age to utter them. They kneed the result of the family, and has come from a distant diocese in the South to celebrate the augital mass. This is soon over, and after the high and friend of the family, and has come from a distant diocese in the South to celebrate the nuptial mass. This is soon over, and after the high contracting parties have known to the waiting carriarse. Will topy be happy because the Archbishop relieve to his throne, and the strange priest a practice and mounting. The tabernacle in the result of the family and of th

mist of the early morning as we leave our homes. We must make an early start, for a later hour will not answer. The day in the cathedral begins before surnles and well one after the calendar day has come to a close. As we approache, a dim light can be seen through building. The sacristan in charge has lighted the burner is the Lady chapel, which fill all the process at the left of the high altar book of 5.50 the cast doors of the church as the process at the left of the high altar book of 5.50 the cast doors of the church created in the cast of 5.50 the cast doors of the church created in the cast of 5.50 the cast doors of the church created in the cast of 5.50 the cast doors of the church created in the cast of 5.50 the cast doors of the church created in the cast of 5.50 the cast doors of the church are large and the cast hedral is opened for the day, the cast doors of the church are large the cast of 5.50 the cast doors of the church are larged to the cast doors of the church are larged to the cast doors of the church are larged to the cast doors of the church are larged to the cast doors of the cast doors of the cast down and the cast down an

neral drapings are removed by the black-robed sacristans. All the darkness is dispolled.

In the space of three hours we have witnessed the complete drama of human life. From the cradie we have followed the coremonies of the Church to the wedding altar and thence to the grave.

Visitors are coming and going as in the morning. Some who have remained throughout the day have joined their prayers with those of the sponsors at the buptism, added their congratulations to those of the friends at the marriage, and mingled their tears with those of the mourners at the funeral.

It is now 4 o'clock, and the entire archiepiscopal household are in their respective confessional boxes in the cathedral. The Archbishop himself occupies one of the curfained enclosures. There is an extra throag of devotees in the church this afternoon, and his Grace has left his office to assist the members of his staff. The pews for many rows are filled with penitents preparing themselves with rigid self-examinations for the consolation which awaits them. Here again we see the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the great and the small, meeting on a common ground. Into the boxes they pass, one by one, until the clock strikes 7, when there is an intermission of an hour. Then the work is taken up again, and it is 11 before the last penitent goes down the stone steps to the street. The clergy pass up the aisle to the door leading to their residence.

A Becarkable Colastions

"You ask me if I am superstitious," said well-known hotel clerk. "No, not to any extent. There is one thing, however, that I have

noticed. There are certain numbers on the sannunciator that demand more attention than others. I don't account for it. I suppose there is no way of accounting for it, and so I'll let it go. But I haven't failed to notice it. Because certain rooms are occupied more than others is no excuse for it.

"I'll tell you a strange thing that happened one night when I was on watch. It was quiet in the hotel, for nearly every guest was in. I was reading a newspaper, when my attention was called to a number on the board which was uncovered. I glanced nt it called front, told the boy to go to No. —, and resumed my reading. In a few minutes the boy returned, and said there was no response. I looked over the rooms that had been taken, and found that no one had been assigned to the room in question. I didn't think anything more about it then, for the wires frequently get disarranged, and one push on the button will uncover the numbers of three or four rooms.

"Allitle later the same number was uncovered again, and I called to the boy and gave him the pass key telling him to go into the room and light the sas and inspect it. If there is anything that will make a negro's teeth chatter it is to go on such an errand. However, he went and in about ten minutes returned with the information that the room was unoccupied. The number dropped again, but I said nothing more, thinking now that the wires were disarranged. I went off watch and went to bed.

"When I came down and pleked up the morning paper, the first thing I saw was the announcement of the death of Senator Logan.
Then I recalled the fact that he always occupied the room, the number of which had acted so strangely, when he was here. I am not superstitious, but I coniess that I thought it avery strange occurrence. I told this same think to my decider, and he laughed so heartily about it that I have never told it since till now. No, I won't tell you what the number is."

Evangelists Shot White Stealing Hogs. noticed. There are certain numbers on the annunciator that demand more attention than

Prom the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NEBRASKA CITY, Iowa, Feb. 6.—At an early hour yesterday morning Charles Tierson, living on the Iowa side of the river, near Hamburg, in Fremont county, found two men stealing his hogs. Tierson had a revolver and shot-gun with him, and unloaded both barrels of the gun into one of the thieves, a man named Holt, killing him instantly. With his revolver he shot the other man whose name is lammed, twice, influence wounds from which he has since died. The two men are count to have become of the agent of this ves which that section. Tierson will probably not be arrested, and his neighbors talk of giving him a gold watch. Both Holt and Rample, who leave large families, on the day previous were taking prominent parts in revival meetings at Hamburg.

COL. MELTON'S PRISONER.

Why he Spared a Spy's Life at the Cost of Having to Take his Own. From the Atlanta Constitution.

It was very dull at Cottonboro during the summer of 64.

The village was situated on a small river in Florida leading to the gulf, and it was supposed

to be a place of some strategic importance.

For four years a small force of Federals had been endeavoring at odd times to capture Cottonboro, and a small force of Confederates had succeeded in keeping them back. A hot-fuly sun was blazing down on Cotton-

A hot duly sun was blazing down on Cottonboro, and the streets were deserted. Here and
there in some shady nook might have been seen
a few soldiers playing cards and telling stories,
but there was no other sign of life.
Col. Melton was pacing the sidewalk at his
headquarters. He was the commander of the
post, but he had little to do. There was no
fighting in prospect, and it was not necessary
to keep the men under very strict discipline.
The commander surveyed the situation.
He felt the deadening influence of the sultry
summer heat, and gusped for breath.
"I must take a nap," he said, "there is nothing to be done here."

with me."

"How is that, Colonel?" inquired Capt. Dallas.

"A secret of state," whispered the Colonel:
"it is the only way to get it. I will walk with him to where he has buried his papers."

"Good!" cried the Captain. "Well, as his hands are tied, it is safe.

In the course of a few moments the commander of the post started off to the woods with his prisoner.

"The Cunnie will come back by himself," said a comrade to a soldier with a wink.

All the soldiers smiled as they watched them.

"The Cunnie wants to do a little shooting himself," they said. "Well, it is all right."

Col. Melton escorted his prisoner through the woods for a mile or so. At last he naused:
"Clara, do you know where you are n.w?"
"Yes." she answered. "I could now make my way back to the lines if left free."
The Colonel cut the spy's bonds.
"Good-by, Clara," he said.
"But you?" asked the spy. "What will become of you?"
"Be off at once!" shouted the Colonel. "I must return, and you must not lose a moment."
The frightened woman sped away through the forest.
The commander of the post quietly followed

husband, but never the secret of his death.

Perhaps the commander of the post did not care to live in the same world with his wife.

Perhaps he preferred death rather than to return to Cottonboro without his prisoner.

No one ever knew. But a gray-haired woman in one of the Northwestern States spends hours at a time in her little cottage with folded arms thinking of a mysterious chapter in her past.

"If I only knew," she whispers every day to herself; "if I only knew."

But she never will know, and the world will never know.

HE IS A FAITH PUGILIST.

Destitute of Muscle and Skill, but so Suarded by Will that None Can Kneck Him Out,

"I am a pugilist," remarked a dapper young man as he antered the store of John Donaldson, the well-known Minneapolis sporting man, the other day.

"Ah. a prize fighter, eh?" replied Donaldson, with a suspicious air.

"Pardon me, no. I said I was a pugilist."

"Oh. you are, are you. Well, then, I don't want to talk with you. What we want in this country is fewer pugilists and more fighters. I don't think that I have time to talk to you."

"I suppose that I am the gratest pugilist in the world," announced the gratest pugilist in the world," announced the gratest pugilist in the world," announced the sport young man reasily, as if he were making the most common-place statements. "Even me of sommon-place statements. "Even me of sommon-place statements." "You notice that I do not talk like other pugilist? Well, my method of fighting: you anotice that I do not talk like other pugilist? Well, my method of fighting: you ain't strong enough to whip a langipost. But mebbe you've got some science?"

"You don't look much like a battle, i you ain't strong enough to whip a langipost. But mebbe you've got some science?"

"You have struck it exactly. I have more science than any man that was ever in the ring. I am invincible," announced the dapper man in the same quiet tope that he had employed in the former remark.

"That is immaterial. If I told you, you would not believe me. But when you have seen me fight you will not question further."

"Let's see you strip," commanded the sport. The greatest fighter on carth dil as he was bid, and the sport held up his hands in wonder. "You are the greatest fake I've struck late-in," But did I not tell you that my methods were not those of the ordinary prize fighter?"

"Yes, but you said that you had science, and a man who had sparred at all would have more muscle than a clam."

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MARRIED ON ICE.

MATRIMONY IN THE GREAT ICE PALACE.

A Brilliant Ceremony with a Lew Thermometer-A Great Real Estate Beem, From the St. Paul Globs.
Under the glare of several hundred electric

lights and smid the joyous acclaims of thou-sands of interested spectators a young couple stood upon a carpeted platform in the grand court of the ice palace last night to plight their vows in holy wedlock. This feature of the carnival had been looked forward to with great eagerness by residents of St. Paul and visitors alike, and although 8:30 was the time fixed for the ceremony, long before that time crowds began to flock into the great court of the domain of Borealis. Old ladies and young ladies jostled each other, intent solely upon obtaining

and although 8:30 was the time fixed for a few acidists. The was been pairing and an inclination of the secondary of the seco

teen, wore a suit, the waist of which was of white moird, skirt of corduroy, and a jacket of eider down, edged with swan's down, her riquant face set off by a jannty Tam O'Shanter cap, trimmed with Nile green ribbon loops. Mrs. Brown's wedding outfit is entirely the work of her own head and hands. A woman with the ingenuity she gives evidence of is a treasure any man might thank his stars to possess. She affords him grounds for the belief that the day will come when he can retire from active business and live by the sweat of his wife's brow. The pair have gone home to stay with Eva's pa, until the house Mr. Brown is building is completed. Eve, our common ms. Mins Van Zandt, and Eva Evans will go down to posterity, original brides, each after her fashion. Eve, first in the Garden of Eden; Mins. first in the hearts of the Anarchists; Eva, first in the leep palace and the hearts of St. Paul boomers.

O. Mr. Brown, is it quite fair.
While other grooms are flushed and harried.
That you should break the rule and be
50 very coel when you are married?

I could not see your trembing bride, And so outside I patient waited. But when she binshed the palace was With rosy hus illuminated.

Now let the toy palace melt, And turn the glittering lights down; Let suns arise, and all the earth. Like this fair bride, be turned to Brown.

EARLY BARNSTORMING DAYS. When Travelling and Theatres were not

what They are at the Present Time.

Prom the St. Lowis Globs Democrat

Ability in acting, rather than magnificance of scenery and costume, was the rule by which the stage of a quarter of a century ago was guided, and the actor who then mounted the ladder of fame did so from fame alone. It was a struggle such as is seldom witnessed today, and few more interesting stories were told than those recounting its difficulties.

Travelling then was not as it is now and travelling in this country was not what it was in England. There were "stocks," or permanent companies, just as there were in the earlier days on this side of the water, but there was also found the strolling player in all his glory. The appearance of the old caravans, then a familiar sight, would now be a distinguished novelty. This old Friglish plan was known as the booth. The caravan of those days had very much the appearance of the present circus street parade. The wagons were planned differently inside, but there was no outward differently inside, the wagons were planned differently inside, the wagons were placed in such position that they would form an enclosure, and over these was stretched a canvas; floor could be put in at an elevation, and also a swinging gallery, presenting a complete theatre, provided with seats similar to those now used in the circus.

The number of the wagons depended on the size and financial condition of the company. The business was largely conducted on the commonwealth or cooperative plan, though the propersity of the wagons them Guisavus in the circus.

The number of the wagons depended on the commonwealth or cooperative plan, though the size and financial condition of the company. The business was largely conducted on the character of "Machetin and "Hamlet," while "lichard III," was a great favorite. These they would be a sea of the propersit